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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

OBVIOUSLY IT IS NOT FOR LAYMEN TO SAY whether concentration on the B-36 is the country's hope in case of war or, as a high naval officer testified last week, "a bad gamble with national security." It is certainly for them to say, however, that the national security is endangered by the bitter feud that has long been seething between the army and the air force, on one side, and the navy on the other. This insufferable cold war between the branches of the service has only been aggravated by attempts of Defense Secretary Johnson and Navy Secretary Matthews to clamp the lid on and keep the row within the walls of the Pentagon. A full airing of the country's basic defense concepts is long overdue, and the House Armed Services Committee was right in rejecting pressures to conduct its current hearings behind closed doors. The point at issue is not whether the B-36 is "a billion-dollar blunder" or whether the aircraft carrier is obsolete. The question is whether or not dependence can or should be placed on the atomic bomb as the decisive weapon. Admiral Radford, speaking for an impressive group of high naval officers, told the committee that such dependence would be fatal; that an "atomic blitz" was unlikely to win a war in the first place, and that even if it did, it was morally unjustified, since it would frustrate the very objectives of a war by making impossible a decent peace or "a livable world." It is conceivable that Radford and his colleagues are motivated by the knowledge that atomic warfare would render an elaborate navy unnecessary and transfer to the air force that aristocratic status which their branch has long enjoyed in the armed services. But it would be folly to assume this motivation or, even assuming it, to allow it to color the determination of policy. The issues Admiral Radford raises go to the heart of our world position, strategically and diplomatically. They can be resolved only when that position is crystallized as a reflection of the popular will.

*

BRITAIN'S DOLLAR RESERVES INCREASED BY some $80,000,000 in the last two weeks of September, thanks partly to payments for goods postponed in anticipation of devaluation and partly to liquidation of the speculative short interest in sterling. Even so the net loss for the third quarter of the year amounted to $220,000,000, bringing the total reserve down to $1,404,000,000—$600,000,000 below what is regarded as a safe minimum. Sir Stafford Cripps, announcing these figures, explained how necessary it was to raise production and to reduce government expenditure "wherever that is possible without interfering with the scope of any of our essential social surfaces." This proviso was coldly received by his audience of bankers and merchants, whose own simple solution of the British economic problem is a cut in public spending, a reduction in taxation, and the addition of enough workers to the ranks of the unemployed to encourage the rest to work harder and refrain from making wage demands.

*

CRIPPS HAS REPEATEDLY OPPOSED THIS old-fashioned remedy, but he cannot ignore the possibility that, with new inducements to export, the volume of goods available in the home market will shrink while the volume of money in consumers' hands remains constant or perhaps increases. If inflation is to be avoided, therefore, production must increase even more rapidly than it has done in the past few years. How is this to be achieved when the labor force is fully occupied? One possibility, tentatively proposed by John Jones, former steel worker and union official who is now Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, is an increase in working hours. Extension of the average working week to forty-eight hours would, it is estimated, reduce production costs by 5 per cent, thus stimulating exports and checking the rising tendency of domestic prices. The idea has been favorably received by the *Daily Mirror*, which generally supports the government, as well as by the opposition press. But it is doubtful whether trade-union hostility and other obstacles, including attachment of the managerial class to the long week-end, can be overcome.

*

NO BETTER COMMENTARY ON THE ISSUE OF the welfare state can be found than the 333-to-14 vote in the House of Representatives to expand the Social Security Act. It is true, of course, that the Republicans first tried to recommit the bill in favor of a milder measure of their own, but even that effort was beaten by more than two to one, with twenty-nine Republicans supporting the Administration and only one Democrat deserting it. Yet here is a measure that will extend the

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compulsory insurance principle to 11,000,000 persons not now covered, increase the average benefit by 70 per cent, and raise the rates to be paid by both employer and employee. Assuming that the Senate passes the bill after it reconvenes in January, the social "floor" it provides will still be painfully low. A retired worker will be no more able to live on a monthly allotment of $45 than on one of $26, the present basic benefit. Nevertheless, the vote is not only a reaffirmation of the principle of government-regulated social security but an acceptance of the fact that the floor must be raised. What gives the lopsided vote particular piquancy is the fact that less than a month ago the Republicans were all set to have the Rules Committee release the bill under an open rule, that is, one permitting amendments on the floor. In such circumstances the measure would have been trampled to death in the rush to end the session, which is precisely what the G. O. P. wanted. It is not far-fetched to see in its apparent change of heart the effects of the steel strike and the Ford settlement, both involving demands for social security in the absence of an adequate government system. To denounce the welfare state from the campaign soapbox is all very well, but if a little of it takes the heat off private industry, the Republican Barkis is as willin' as the next fellow.

*

MR. TRUMAN DESERVES APPLAUSE FOR HIS vigorous fight to secure Senate confirmation of Leland Olds for a third term on the Federal Power Commission. We hope, however, he will shift from the rather slippery ground of "party loyalty" to public exposure of the vendetta against Olds for what it is—a flagrant attempt by vested interests to exclude from office a man who has proved too "consumer-minded" to suit their purposes. Members of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee who voted ten to two against confirmation professed themselves profoundly shocked by some articles which Olds wrote over twenty years ago. They insinuate he is a Communist because in the Insull era he was critical of irresponsible private enterprise and advocated public ownership of utilities. The real reason he is under fire was indicated by a representative of the Southern Minerals Corporation who told the Senators that Olds was "gnawing away at the very foundations on which this government exists" by attempting to establish federal regulation of interstate commerce in natural gas. Such regulation was, in fact, established by a 1938 law which natural gas producers are trying to have amended so that the price at which they sell their product to independent pipe-line companies will no longer be controlled. Olds strongly opposes this change because, as he told a House subcommittee last April, it would upset the stability of an industry which has enormously expanded since 1938 "and afford dominant producers of natural gas an op-

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portunity to increase prices practically at will." That is why the oil and gas interests are determined to get him. It is sad to find them supported by reputed liberals from gas-exporting states like Senators Lyndon Johnson of Texas and Lester Hunt of Wyoming. But how explain the opposition to Olds of Senators Ives and Dulles, representatives of New York consumers whose hopes for cheaper gas will be thwarted if the producers win?

*

THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S RELUCTANCE TO come to grips with the Chinese issue is easy to understand, but delay is not going to alter the final decision or make it any more palatable. With the Communist armies pushing fast toward Canton and the Communist national government organized and asking for recognition, the possibility of maintaining relations with Chiang on any realistic basis has evaporated. To acknowledge this in diplomatic form is of course to agree to the ousting of the Nationalist delegation from the United Nations and the admission of Mao's representatives. It also means bringing another Communist state into the Security Council as a permanent member. This painful alteration may be put off until the stability of the new Chinese government is certain and its power established over remaining Nationalist territory, but delay involves penalties as well as temporary advantages. Britain, for example, desperately in need of the China trade, is withholding recognition until we take a stand. Mao's government is not going to become friendlier or more easy to deal with if the United States continues its present relations with the surviving fragments of the Kuomintang regime, and perhaps spends another $75,000,000 in trying to prop it up. We have officially admitted the corruption and incompetence of the old government. We have in effect recognized that the Communists won because of their greater capabilities and the appeal their program has made to the Chinese masses. The logic of the White Paper itself wars against delay or prolonged attempts to do business with Chiang. The sooner we and the other Western powers take the plunge and recognize the new government, the better it will be both for China and for the West.

*

THE RECENT REVOCATION OF A VISA ISSUED to Dr. Glen Shortliffe by the American consulate in Toronto makes one think that the Immigration and Naturalization Service should be declared incompetent and have a guardian appointed. Early this summer Dr. Shortliffe resigned from the faculty of Queens University in Kingston to accept a position as associate professor of Romance languages at Washington University in St. Louis. Selling his home, Dr. Shortliffe made a preliminary visit to St. Louis and returned to Canada to arrange for the shipment of his furniture and effects. He was then told that his reentry warranted a second investigation into his political beliefs. An active member of the Commonwealth Cooperative Federation, Dr. Shortliffe was questioned closely and asked to take an oath that he did not believe in the overthrow of this government by force and violence. Although he took the oath readily, the visa previously issued to him was revoked. Even in today's fear-ridden atmosphere this is difficult to understand. Are we to be denied the privilege of exchanging ideas with foreign visitors solely because these visitors may not be ardent advocates of free enterprise?

*

NOW THAT THE SO-CALLED NAVAJO-HOPI "rehabilitation" bill has been passed by Congress, only President Truman's signature is needed to turn it into law. Readers will recall that John Collier, former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, tore this measure into shreds in *The Nation* of September 17 in a critical analysis which exposed the real aims of this "welfare" act. Although it appears to appropriate $88,500,000 over a period of ten years to assist the Navajo and the Hopi, the bill in reality will give them not one cent. Moreover, the Indians stand to lose traditional tribal rights, for Section 9 places them under state laws and state courts from which they are at present exempted by treaty provisions. Once this precedent is established, assaults can be expected on the valuable land, water, timber, and oil rights held by these and other American Indians. The President should put an end to the perennial attempts to despoil the Indian with a strong veto message.

Lewis Holds the Key

THE New York Stock Exchange, which is regarded by some of its frequenters as an accurate forecaster of economic weather, has reacted to the strike news with surprising nonchalance. Last week, in the face of much gloomy talk about the effects of the coal and steel disputes, security trading was active, with prices showing great firmness. Commentators seeking to explain this development have quoted the old Wall Street rule: Never sell on strike news. The theory is that loss of business from this cause is usually temporary and soon recovered when the trouble ends. However, one market letter quoted by the *Wall Street Journal* suggests an additional reason for the buoyant spirits of security traders. "Somewhere along the line," it says, "one of these big strikes is going to result in a defeat for the unions: and we suspect it may be that of steel."

If the Stock Exchange bulls are betting on this possibility, we fancy they are indulging in a pretty dangerous gamble. It is true that there are weaknesses in the strategic position of both the coal and the steel unions. Nevertheless, they are unlikely to suffer the kind

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of defeat that would gladden the heart of Wall Street unless the disputes become a prolonged war of attrition.

There is no need to dwell on the consequence of such a war for the economy at large. Already thousands of railroad and other workers have been laid off as a result of the strikes, and in a few weeks dwindling stocks of coal and steel will mean the loss of jobs for millions in the heavy industries. Next the pinch will be felt by soft-goods manufacturers and retail traders, for men on strike or unemployed do not provide much custom.

As we suggested last week, the actual difference between the steel workers and their employers is small in relation to the possible consequences of their dispute. Unfortunately, both parties feel they have gone to the limits of concession. Philip Murray had to use all his eloquence and authority in persuading the Steel Workers' executive to accept the report of the Fact-Finding Board. And after the union had abandoned a large part of its original demands, insistence by the steel corporations on modification of the board's pension proposals proved a little too much.

The big steel employers, however, are standing stubbornly on the contributory principle which, under different circumstances, they have honored in the breach. One reason perhaps is that they have little inducement to settle with Murray so long as the coal mines are shut down, since their stock-piles of fuel are sufficient to keep their furnaces lit for only a few weeks. The key to the situation, therefore, is held by John L. Lewis.

The mine workers' chief has in the past week been engaged in negotiations with both the Northern and Southern operators, but he does not seem to have presented formal demands. He aims, it is believed, at a higher wage for a shorter working week, together with an increased tonnage levy for the benefit of the miners' welfare fund. On the other hand, the operators are reported to be unwilling to make any concessions that would necessitate raising the price of coal and are insisting on revision of the "able and willing" and "memorial" clauses of the old contract, which made it possible for Lewis to shut down the industry whenever he saw fit without formal breach of the agreement.

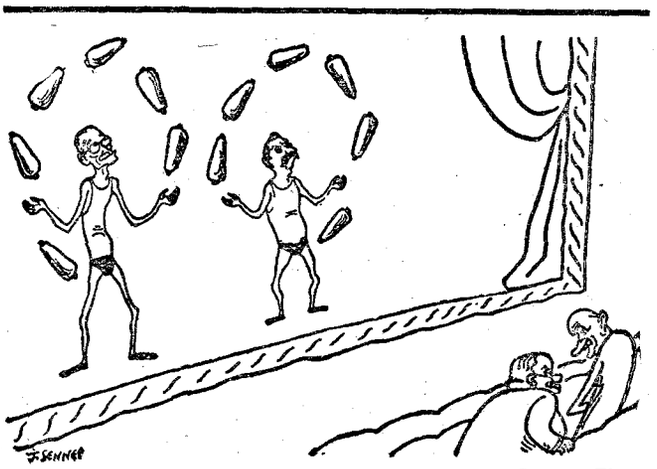
In seeking important new gains for "his" miners Lewis is undoubtedly in a less favorable position than he has been for many years. The great coal export boom is petering out, and the domestic market is becoming more competitive owing to the increasing use of fuel oil and natural gas, a use stimulated by the high price of coal and the frequency of mine stoppages. Moreover, in winning its welfare fund, the U. M. W. gave a hostage to fortune, particularly as income from the tonnage levy was barely equal, at its best, to the cost of promised benefits. Now "no contract" means not only "no coal" but no pensions.

We do not underrate Lewis's ruthless ability as a negotiator, but we suspect that on this occasion he may have climbed out on a rather shaky limb. If so, we hope he will not be tempted by memories of past victories to hang on too long. By making public more modest demands than those with which he is now credited, he can probably win some improvement in the miners' contract. Insistence on more than the traffic will bear may lead to a fight to the finish in which not only members of the U. M. W. but the trade-union movement as a whole will suffer heavy losses.

As we have already suggested, there is little hope of a steel settlement until the outcome of the coal dispute is determined. But if both industries remain at a standstill for many weeks, a real national emergency will develop, and it will be difficult for President Truman to avoid resort to his powers under the Taft-Hartley act —a step which will certainly not improve the chances of repeal of that measure. The next move of John L. Lewis, therefore, will be more than usually fateful.

Balancing Act

BALANCING on a diplomatic tightrope no thicker than your finger, the Yugoslavs continue their hair-raising attempt to hang on to their socialism, independence, and equilibrium all at once. The rope wavers as Stalin or one of his assistants gives it a sharp jerk at the Eastern end, and spectators look to see the rebellious state crash to its destruction or, as a last resort, jump into the net held ready by the West. Either may happen, but so far the Belgrade balancing act holds the world enthralled in unwilling admiration. Relentless enmity in Moscow, expressed through a series of hostile acts culminating last week in the denunciation of its treaty of friendship with Belgrade, and similar behavior on the part of the satellites, have driven Yugoslavia bit by bit toward the West. Through its impressive delegation at Lake Success it is laying the groundwork for an appeal to the United Nations in case the Russian attack takes



Courtesy *Figaro*

"Where's the Emergency Exit?"

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the form of invasion, the instigation of border raids by Yugoslavia's neighbors, or—most likely of all—the organizing and financing of rebellion inside the country.

It was with this last possibility in mind that the Yugoslav delegation last week laid before the Legal Committee of the General Assembly a twenty-five-point resolution asserting the duty of every state "to refrain from fomenting, organizing, encouraging, or assisting civil wars and disturbances, or acts of terrorism, within the territory of another state" and also to prevent the organization within its own territory of activities calculated to do such things. This move coupled with Yugoslavia's effort to get itself elected to the Security Council, indicates plainly enough that it is prepared to antagonize Moscow still more in order to have the support of the Western majority in case of real trouble. But at the same time every note and public statement issued in Belgrade or the U. N. is a model of revolutionary consistency. Yugoslav resistance to the Cominform is being formulated in a way intended to make Moscow appear the heretic and Belgrade the orthodox defender of the Communist faith. The case is being built up with great ability. But the question remains whether argument and evidence, or even courage, will decide the issue, or whether the higher logic of sheer power will push Yugoslavia off the rope, on one side or the other, before the cold war ends.

Dulles as Demagogue

WALTER LIPPMANN does not seem to think much of the electoral process. In setting forth his reasons for supporting John Foster Dulles for the New York senatorship, the famous columnist airily dismisses the election speeches of Dulles and his opponent, Herbert H. Lehman, as the inevitable "tripe" of a political campaign. We know of absolutely nothing so far said by Mr. Lehman that can rightly be characterized in this way, but Dulles has in fact been ladling out the kind of "tripe" that Texans used to get with the biscuits of Pappy O'Daniel. Unlike Mr. Lippmann, we think the Republican candidate should be judged on his scandalous performance, not on the snobbish conviction that whatever shoddy and harmful lies he may tell the voters, he is really a fine character, with "a powerful and original mind."

When Dulles let it be known that he would run on the issue of the "welfare state," it was widely and genuinely believed that the campaign would be a debate between statesmen on one of the most basic issues of the day. Instead, he has chosen to turn to his own mean advantage the deep hostility that prevails against the Communists. His opponent is not a Communist, he says sanctimoniously, but "the Communists are in his corner," a blatant falsehood as any reading of the *Daily Worker* will quickly establish. ("Lehman agrees with every basic proposition uttered by Dulles," according to that official journal. "They are united in support of the vicious 'cold-war' Atlantic Pact, and A-bomb madness. . . .") Yet Dulles persists in this low-grade campaigning. And behind him is that other great statesman, Governor Dewey, who asks for a "holy crusade" to elect Dulles on the ground that "the only people who don't want him are the Communists and their supporters."

This approach is neither casual nor inadvertent. It is part of a deliberate Republican appeal to the extreme right, to class and racial prejudice, and to the violent instincts which broke through the surface at Peekskill. How else explain Dulles's ugly exhortation to a rural audience at Geneseo: "If you could see the kind of people in New York City making up this bloc that is voting for my opponent, if you could see them with your own eyes, I know that you would be out, every last man and woman of you, on Election Day"? How else explain his sinister threat that if the trend toward the "all-powerful state" is not checked soon, "we will have to fight our way back, as Thomas Jefferson said, through revolution"? People have lost federal jobs and had their lives wrecked for less subversive talk than that.

A man who so recklessly plays with fire in order to pick up votes is not a statesman, however "powerful and original" his mind may be, but a culpable demagogue. If he can win by pinning the red label on so mild and respected a citizen as Lehman, this vicious type of campaign will become standard procedure. That is more than the political health of the country can bear in these overheated times, Mr. Lippmann to the contrary notwithstanding.

POLITICS and PEOPLE

BY ROBERT BENDINER

Showdown in the C. I. O.

FOURTEEN years ago the Communists and their allies crawled back into the American Federation of Labor after six disastrous years of dual unionism. Two years later they were among the most vociferous forces in launching the C. I. O., and in that militant organization they attained the only appreciable influence they have ever really enjoyed in the United States. At the peak of their success they controlled sixteen unions and exercised a proportional share of power in high C. I. O. councils. In the name of labor unity and anti-fascism they received the protection of the leadership and immunity from "red-baiting." Less than a month from now, unless all signs fail, they will be back where they were in the early thirties. They will be out of the great bodies of organized labor, confined in a politically

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marked and self-limiting federation of their own, with hardly more influence on the mass of American wage-earners than Marcantonio has on the House of Representatives.

Ostensibly the Communists do not want the break. They are planning to wage a fight against an expected move to expel them at the C. I. O. convention which meets at Cleveland on October 31. A recent "Conference on Autonomy and Democracy in the C. I. O.," composed wholly of left-wing unionists, resolved "to fight to remain with the C. I. O.," and John Williamson, national labor secretary of the Communist Party, has laid down the line that "the splitting of C. I. O. . . . would be injurious and would weaken the fighting power of all labor."

There is reason to believe, however, that this prospective resistance will be a token affair, waged in order to put the onus for the break on Murray and his lieutenants. Recent behavior of the leftists offers evidence that they expect to be ousted and will force the battle. Certainly they cannot expect Murray to accept the insulting ultimatum of the United Electrical Workers that he either curb the "wrecking activities" of his lieutenant, Jim Carey, within the U. E. or face the union's refusal to pay its per capita tax to the parent organization. In the New York local of the Teachers' Union the pro-Communists are openly demanding a split from the C. I. O. And the U. E. and several other Communist-dominated unions have suddenly decided to let their leaders sign Taft-Hartley affidavits. This would enable them to take advantage of National Labor Relations Board machinery in future shop elections, should a break with the C. I. O. result in jurisdictional contests with newly chartered right-wing unions. Asked what he would do if the C. I. O. refused to yield to his ultimatum, which includes five demands besides the one on Carey, President Albert J. Fitzgerald said simply, "Then the hell with them." To which Murray replied with equal simplicity, "We will take care of Mr. Fitzgerald later." The exchange would seem to set the stage for a split, regardless of Comrade Williamson's pointed injunction.

On the surface the issue between the C. I. O. administration and the eleven rebellious unions is that old bugaboo of the labor movement—autonomy. Put in its bluntest form by Allan S. Haywood, director of organization, the leftists can either stop flouting C. I. O. policy, established by convention vote, "or get out." If political autonomy were really the issue, the Communists and their friends would have a legitimate case. A trade union is not a party, and no one should have to take political direction, even from the majority, in order to remain in good standing. But if autonomy or central direction were the issue, the C. I. O., with its disparate groups, would long since have split into fragments.

What sets the Communists apart and makes their kind of autonomy impossible is the unassimilable nature of their bloc within the parent body. They have always been a hard and compact core, but as long as their line coincided with the interests of the federation as a whole, they were tolerated. They are not tolerated now simply because they cannot confine their differences to mere dissent. Differences, with them, take the form of bitter opposition, disruption, threats, and an abuse of the leadership that no organization can countenance. The party "line" comes first, no matter what the cost to themselves, to the C. I. O., or to the labor movement. As one high C. I. O. official described the impasse to me, "the American labor movement is a movement of social reform, of economic reform, the object of which is to make democracy work." The struggle with the Communists, he said, must be viewed in this framework. Things were different when the Browder line prevailed, admitting a wide area of agreement, but the Communists are now intent on wiping out that area of agreement.

THE showdown has been long in coming. In 1946 the C. I. O. convention went on record to state that its members "resent and reject" Communist interference. A bitter row over the Marshall Plan marked the following year's meeting. Twelve months ago Murray, still reluctant, moved toward concrete action. Several of the smaller left-wing unions were publicly upbraided for doing a poor organizational job, the Farm Equipment Workers were ordered to merge themselves with the Automobile Workers, and the feeling against the left-wingers was so strong that they were not even permitted to make minority reports. Yet Murray still hesitated to force a showdown. Patience had won Mike Quill of the Transport Workers and Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union away from the Communists, and hopes were held out that Fitzgerald and the powerful U. E. might be similarly salvaged. Fitzgerald himself seemed ready for the switch last year, when on the convention floor he charged the Russian leaders with being "warmongers" and suggested that he might under certain conditions "tell the Progressive Party to go to hell." In return, Murray preserved the U. E. leader's vice-presidency over the opposition of Carey, Walter Reuther, and others.

Since then, however, Fitzgerald has slipped back into the old groove—some think in return for promises that he will be picked to head the leftist federation which is expected to come into being if the split occurs at Cleveland. In any case, relations have become very much worse since the last convention, and there is no longer any suggestion of patience at C. I. O. headquarters. On the contrary, there is every indication that Murray and his aides believe the hour has come. In spite of the leftists' retention of control over the U. E., they are thought to be at a low ebb, with nominal control over

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unions totaling, according to Murray, "less than 10 per cent" of the dues-paying membership.

Just how the C. I. O. leaders propose to deal with the problem at the convention is still anybody's guess, and it is doubtful in fact whether detailed strategy has yet been mapped out. They are sensitive, however, to charges of political dictation, and the likelihood is that if the leftists are expelled it will not be on the Haywood dictum: conform or get out. It is much more probable that the indictment will include some or all of the following charges: (1) that leftist officers, particularly Harry Bridges, adhere to the World Federation of Trade Unions in spite of the C. I. O.'s decision, by convention vote, to withdraw from that body; (2) that the offending unions sat out the Southern organizing drive as a result of Van Bittner's determination to make it a straight union operation, free of political overtones; (3) that they have done a poor job in strictly trade-union terms, many of them having gone downhill or failed dismally to measure up to the possibilities; (4) that the Farm Equipment Workers have flatly refused to obey the injunction of the convention to dissolve and join the U. A. W.; (5) that some of them have fallen far behind in payment of per capita taxes (the Food, Tobacco, and Agricultural Workers, for example, has been pleading poverty, but it found funds to send its president to the "Peace Mobilization" in Paris); and, finally, (6) that they have heaped insufferable abuse on Murray and other national officers, to the detriment of C. I. O. morale. On this last score it will be hard for the leftists to argue that "autonomy" gives them license to link Murray with the Ku Klux Klan or to accuse him of "deserting the Negro people" and of having "tied his kite to the industrialists." In particular they will have to explain their denunciation of the Presidential board's steel formula at the very moment Murray was trying desperately to get the steel companies to accept it. The issue at Cleveland, in short, will not be autonomy, but disloyalty.

U. N. Corridor Debates

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Lake Success, October 8

WHILE it waits for the battle over the atomic bomb to begin, the Assembly is going ahead with its program—very slowly in such matters as the Italian colonies and Indonesia, but making visible progress with the Greek question. The suggestions for atomic control that have been offered by India and Australia—together with the still unformulated suggestion of Argentina—have been important chiefly as symptoms. They show that the Assembly is in a more serious mood than Secretary of Defense Johnson, who tried to calm the excitement over President Truman's historic announcement by saying that perhaps the reported explosion was "not the atom bomb." Perhaps it was only a display of fireworks to celebrate some Soviet anniversary!

The Indian proposal to submit the question to the legal committee, though it has stirred considerable interest, is opposed even by those who believe a new start should be made, on the ground that such an eminently political issue should not be dealt with by a group of jurists. Australia believes that the problem in its new terms should be turned over to a new agency and removed from the apparently impotent Atomic Energy Commission. Everybody is waiting, however, to hear what the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, Jacob A. Malik, who has just arrived with fresh instructions from Moscow, will say in the Security Council next Tuesday. In a forecast of this session of the Assembly written before President Truman announced the atomic explosion in Russia, I said that the Soviet delegation was coming prepared with a new plan of action worked out to the last detail. The dominant mood in the Assembly could not be more favorable to a Soviet move for peace. Few of the delegates have had their anxiety allayed by the contention that for every bomb Russia can produce, the United States can produce fifty or a hundred. After all, if two persons wish to poison each other, the one with ten grains of arsenic has as good a chance to succeed as the one with ten pounds; it is only a question of who can adminster the dose first. This fact has not escaped the Assembly.

WHATEVER happens in the world outside has repercussions at Flushing Meadow. The progress made toward negotiating an Austrian treaty was hailed as a real advance. Everybody regards the creation of the new East German state and Russia's decision to pull its troops out of Berlin as a serious challenge to the West. There was also much comment on Admiral Radford's sensational statement before the House Armed Services Committee branding the B-36 as a "billion-dollar blunder." Why, people asked, should the Russians bother to use spies in a country where generals and admirals compete in handing out military information free of charge to the whole world?

The French Cabinet change was the other main subject of conversation around the U. N. It has smashed

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the concept of a Europe governed by Third Force coalitions in which Socialist parties have had the limited role of providing a social-democratic and progressive tone. The "political stability" of France had become the stock in trade of all newspapermen writing from Europe and of all Congressmen and Senators returning from a journey of study or pleasure. Nobody will blame M. Queuille for the failure of the experiment. He brought to its service an exceptional capacity for patient negotiation and a habit of calm in crisis. His government lasted longer than any other during the Fourth Republic; under the circumstance no one else could have stayed in office half so long.

Neither can the Communists or the Socialists be blamed for the upset. The Communists were not carrying on a heavy offensive against the government. The Socialists did everything possible to prolong its life. Last week a small group met Queuille and the Socialist ministers Jules Moch and Daniel Mayer at the House of Léon Blum in Jouy-en-Joas and searched desperately for some way to save the Cabinet. But the difficulty resides in the situation itself. The French workers—and they will soon be joined by the workers of all Western Europe and by a large sector of the whole population—refuse to go hungry in order to carry the burden of devaluation and help pay for a rearmament program directed against a hypothetical enemy, the Red Army, which is not, in their view, likely to launch an early attack. For the average Frenchman a more immediate worry is the social conflict implicit in the figures presented by Labor Minister Daniel Mayer to his colleagues on the eve of the government's dissolution. These showed that the average monthly wage for persons in the lowest income brackets, in the French provinces, is 7,752 francs; for the larger number in the next higher brackets it is 8,241 francs—or, at the current official rate of exchange, $23 and $26. Men who get such starvation wages are looking for something more concrete than the protection offered by the Atlantic Pact or platonic declarations on the rights of man.

Nor will they be encouraged by the growing inclination in Washington to counteract the Russian bomb by taking Franco into the Western alliance. Even Mr. Bevin now realizes that a pro-Franco policy would do immense damage to the Labor government. He is reported to have said to his American colleagues on his departure, "If you want to add to our present troubles, you have only to oblige us to side with Franco. That would be the surest way to make us lose the coming election."

Frankfurt in Our Blood

BY KAY BOYLE

IT WAS the half-bottles of wine which made them speak. Without them, the two women seated at a small table at the end of the dining-car might have had nothing to say. Paris lay barely twenty minutes behind them, but already the gently sloping green hills and the luxuriant fields of France were there, streaming swiftly past the windows: the villages, the feathery trees, the fluid country dimmed now to the quality of ancient murals by the veil of dusk which lay across the land. But inside the crowded diner of the Orient express the illumination was as hard as brass, and the waiters swayed down the aisle between the tables, bearing their trays as if upon the current of a stream.

Behind the diner swung the nimble links of the long racing train, the sleeping-cars for Prague and Frankfurt coupled with those for Warsaw and Budapest, or with sleepers for Bratislava, Vienna, Munich, Bucharest. By morning these cars, which roared through the pastoral stillness of the Continent, would have taken their separate ways, shunted off at Bar-le-Duc while the travelers slept within them, and the people who shared tables for the evening meal would have forgotten the look of one another in a little while. The two women were strangers to each other, and the one who rode in the direction in which the train was going was young and soft-skinned, and she wore a blue-cotton short-sleeved dress, as simple as a schoolgirl's dress. She sat with her face turned toward the window and her chin held in the cushion of her ringless left hand. The small, stooped, aging woman who sat opposite had also turned her head to watch the deepening twilight, her flesh, hair, clothing, eyes, all of the same worn faded gray. But there were the half-bottles of red wine before them, and it was the faded little woman who made the first move, and who leaned forward toward the girl.

"Perhaps we could divide a half-bottle between us?" she began, her diffidence coming meekly, patiently, to speech. "We could share the expense of it," she said, her accent not quite English and not quite American.

The girl turned back from the window, her wide eyes startled, and she looked at the woman as if waking from a dream.

"Yes, indeed. Yes," she said, and that might have

KAY BOYLE is well known as a novelist and short-story writer. Her latest book is "His Human Majesty."

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been the end of it. It was the other woman who motioned the waiter to pull the cork of one of the two little bottles of red wine. Once he had done this, and wiped the bottle's dark mouth clean, it was her hand, reaching, narrow and ivory-knuckled, from the suit's gray sleeve, which poured the wine into their glasses with care. The girl had turned to the window again, her hands clasped on the table before her, her soft dark hair hanging long across the shoulders of her dress. "How I hate it," she said, and she looked out at the sight of the fleeing country as she spoke. "How I hate going back to Germany," she said, and she reached quickly and blindly out and took her glass up, and drank down the first swallow of red wine.

"Yes, going back," said the little woman, but she did not drink. Instead, she picked up her gray cotton gloves from where they lay beside her plate, and she laid the wrinkled fingers of them carefully together, and she smoothed them gently, reflectively, out upon her knees. "Yes, going back," she said.

When the woman began to eat the split-pea soup, the girl turned away from the window again, and she pushed the metal bowl of her own soup aside. It could be seen that her mouth was bright with lipstick and blemished by discontent, and that her glossy hair was cut in a fringe above blue baleful eyes. The faded little woman watched her young hand, her bare arm, lift to fill their glasses with the strong good wine.

"Every time it's a little bit harder than it was the time before," the girl was saying quickly. She sat with her arms resting on the table, turning the glass of wine between her fingers on the cloth. "You see, I go to Paris perhaps once a month, just for the week-end. And every time I have to go back it's like cutting my heart out and throwing it away."

"And you can't stay in Paris?" the woman said quietly.

"Well, I have a job," the girl said, still watching the glass turn on the cloth. "I'm a War Department civilian in Frankfurt." The waiter had carried the bowls away, the full one inside the empty one, and the girl took another swallow of the wine. "I took the job just to get over. Just to get on the same continent with France," she said, and she lifted one hand to the side of her face as if to shield it, as though there might be tears in her eyes and she did not want a stranger to see them fall.

"Yes, Frankfurt," said the faded little woman. "It's been a long time, but I could tell you the name of almost every street still. You know, I went there as a bride once," she said, and she lifted her glass of wine again and drank a little, trying to make it sound, even after all the years that had passed, festive and jaunty and gay. "My husband taught in the university there," she said, with a sociable smile on her lips, but her hand as it set the glass down on the cloth again was trembling like a leaf in the high wind of emotion that came sweeping through her heart. She looked at the ham in gravy which the waiter set before her, but she made no move to eat. "We lived there twenty-five years together," she said.

"You have memories. That's a certain kind of wealth," the girl said, seeming to begrudge them to her. "I have absolutely nothing except the things I want to be."

"Well, let's make this into a little celebration," said the woman, and she raised her glass as if they might drink a toast together, but the girl drank quickly, without acknowledging the woman's lifted glass or the tentative smile that hung upon her mouth.

"Six months ago I didn't believe that Germany would remain for me this alien, evil thing," the girl said, and across the table the woman looked meekly up at her young face. "I thought I would be able to get close to what it really is, or was," the girl said, speaking quickly, while outside the windows the lights of the villages and the rural stations of France were cast behind them in the dark. "But I see Germany like some isolated territory, like a lepers' colony, an infected island which free men conquered, and have, because of this, become ailing and evil and no longer free."

"Yes," said the woman, "but, you know, there is a strange thing that can happen to people. Or perhaps, when people get older, this is the thing that always happens." The waiter bore the plates away, and the woman sat smiling, smiling almost in apology across the cloth. "I can only think of Germany now as it was when I was a child, and of Frankfurt as I knew it as a bride," she said. And now an unexpected look of audacity, an almost devilish look of mischief came into her worn faded eyes. "You know, I have a little French money left, not much, but enough," she said; "and I would like to spend it on another half-bottle of wine."

The waiter uncorked the second half-bottle, and wiped its mouth clean, and then he put the plates of lamb and peas before them. And now that the woman's voice had ceased to speak, the girl turned to the window again, and to the sight of the deepening darkness through which the country flowed swiftly, irretrievably past. Tomorrow there would be Frankfurt, and the bomb-gutted station in the early morning, and the houses laid open to the elements still bearing within their rubble outlandish bits and pieces of what had once been comfort and security. There would be the radiator hanging by its pipes through a floor that had capsized beneath it five years before, and the bathtub standing two stories high above the dead magnolia trees, its clawed feet resting on nothing, and the paneled door behind it still standing ajar.

"Or perhaps the place you began life as a bride is a place that can never change for you," the woman was saying now, and the girl turned abruptly from the win-

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dow, and she poured their glasses full with wine. "There was my husband's work in the university, and there were other professors, and there were artists, too, writers, countless friends," said the little woman, smiling as she spoke. "There we had meetings, discussions, and not only among intellectuals, but among men of the free crafts, the guilds, the unions. For Frankfurt was once the heart of liberal Germany. And then, in 1934, my husband died. He was very wise to choose that year to die in," she said, still smiling, but her hand was shaking as if with palsy as she took the glass of wine. "We are a Jewish family," she said, "so in one way or another we had to go."

"And you, where did you go?" the girl asked, and the turmoil, the protest, seemed to halt within her for a moment.

"We went to China. My sons and I left for China that year," said the woman. "We carried what we could of Frankfurt in our blood with us—its culture, its wisdom, its democratic history. Or perhaps the only thing we really took with us was the sound of Goethe's words saying many things to us who were also the German people, saying very clearly that wisdom's last decree is that freedom and life are deserved only by those who conquer them anew each day." The girl and the woman both finished the wine in their glasses, and the girl sat turning the glass in her fingers while opposite her the woman's voice went on speaking gently and patiently of a town that had been Frankfurt once, and a country that had been Germany. "That was a gift I had to give my children," the woman said; "a belief in free men which free men themselves had communicated to me."

And as the girl listened to the woman's voice going on with this, the city they traveled toward took on another aspect, and the sound of the familiar German voices perished, no longer saying, as they had said to her for six months now, "I lost everything in the bombings, everything—my house, my furniture, my business," for the woman was speaking of the Taunus hills, and of the walks they had taken there in the springtime, she and the others, the professors, the artists, the writers, the free men of Frankfurt who had seen freedom die.

"And now you are going back? After fifteen years, you are going back?" the girl said, looking at her, and forgetting to turn the wine glass on the cloth.

"Yes," said the little woman. "No choice was offered. The women and children of foreigners were being evacuated. I was flown out of China last week. I am going back to Frankfurt," she said, the smile hanging on her mouth again, "because there does not seem any other place for me to go."

"How many children did you have?" the girl asked, for it was the members of this family which mattered, as the rest of Germany had never mattered. It was what they had been, and how they had spoken, and what answer they had given when the questions had been asked.

"I had four sons," the woman said, and her hand had begun to tremble again as she lifted her glass again to drink. "Two of them left Germany with me, the two younger ones. We went to China together," she said, having wet her lips with the wine. "The two others," she went on saying after a moment, but she could not go on with it at once. "The two others," she began again, and there was no hint of crying, nothing that even resembled anguish in the words she said. "The two others died with their countrymen and women in Dachau," was what she was saying, but even the strength of the wine she drank was not enough to lean on now, and her lips, her chin, her empty hands, were trembling as if stricken with the plague.

"Now it is my turn to order another half-bottle," the girl said quickly, and she made the sign to the waiter as he passed with the bombes glacées. And then she reached across the table, and she touched the woman's worn, aged hand that lay, like a forgotten object, on the cloth.

"I am afraid to go back," the woman said, and her teeth bit hard into her shaking lip. "I am not afraid of my memories. I am afraid of hearing what the living now have to say."

"We can listen to other things," the girl said, and their hands held to each other's as the waiter set the plates of crackers and cheese before them and poured the fresh wine out. And then the stooped little woman shouldered the burden of patience and resignation again, and she smiled across the table at the girl.

"I shall make out very well," she said, and their hands drew apart, and they lifted their glasses and drank. "I have a widow's pension accumulated at the university. It will be enough to begin again on," she said, and an unsteady look of recklessness or tipsiness came into her face. "It will be enough to pay my way into the Palm Garden in the afternoons, and there'll still be the orchid hot-house, with orchids as different as people, with wise faces, and foolish ones," she said, and she giggled as if she were a young and giddy woman now. "I don't remember how many species there were, but I knew them all by name once. And in the tropical conservatory there'll be the camellias flowering, reddish and white and waxy, as they flowered in China so profusely—" And then she stopped talking. "Unless," she said quickly. "I mean, was the Palm Garden bombed—are the greenhouses there still?"

"Yes, they are there," said the girl, and then the two women began to laugh across the table at each other.

"I must write to my sons at once, to my two boys in China," the woman said, wiping the tears of laughter away, "and tell them how tall the banana trees have grown."

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Franco's Stock Rises

BY ALEXANDER H. UHL

Washington, October 5

THE Russian atomic explosion has intensified the long-frustrated drive to satisfy, if not sanctify, Francisco Franco. People who talk about "beach heads," "defense in depth," and the "need of space" in an atomic war are redoubling their efforts to get the Spanish regime back in our good graces. They have their allies in American groups ranging all the way from Catholics who have long defended Franco to Southern Dixiecrats who want to sell their cotton and tobacco without worrying too much about democratic liberties in the Spanish countryside. They have their allies, too, in the Department of National Defense, which has never given up its dream of Spain as a great anti-Russian base.

Within the past few months Franco has been rebuffed as a "fascist" in blunt language by Secretary of State Dean Acheson, whose words were quickly backed up by the President. The Export-Import Bank has turned its back on him; and the Senate itself has refused to include him in this year's funds for the Economic Cooperation Administration. Yet the struggle to give him economic aid and democratic respectability is stronger than ever. And it is being pushed so relentlessly that there is real danger that the Administration will eventually yield to it. With their new talking point of possible atomic warfare, American groups favoring a loan to Spain argue that Franco is an old-timer in the war against communism and should be strengthened economically; moreover, America needs export markets and Franco would be glad to buy in exchange for his minerals. Their campaign is being fed by a Spanish Embassy lobby in Washington that is constantly urging Congressmen to visit Spain and pouring out talk about trade advantages, anti-communism, strategic bases. Already Senator Pat McCarran (D., Nev.) and Representative John W. Murphy (D., Pa.) are in Europe and are expected to come back demanding help for Franco, and the State Department fears more Congressional treks into Spain after the present session is over.

There can be little doubt that Secretary Acheson is completely sincere in his desire to uphold the United Nations resolution of December 12, 1946, under which members were asked to withdraw their ambassadors from Madrid as a sign of disapproval. He has told persons in his confidence that American prestige must not be undermined before world democracy by a surrender to Europe's last fascist power. The anti-Communist crusade, however, has a tremendous appeal for persons already inclined to Franco. Early this summer important members of the American Embassy in Madrid openly expressed their belief that Franco would collapse unless the United States came to his aid and that it should be American policy to prevent that collapse. This split in the department was glaringly revealed by Senator Owen Brewster, Maine Republican, during the debate on the McCarran amendment to grant Franco $50,000,000 of E. C. A. funds. Brewster, who voted in favor of the amendment, said in the Senate, "While I was in Spain I discussed the matter with our representatives there and found the overwhelming opinion of those concerned with our diplomatic relations was that our policy had been a profound mistake."

With his own representatives in Spain at odds with him, Acheson has scarcely found President Truman a mighty staff on which to lean. There is legitimate reason to fear that the President may back and fill much as he did during his tragic uncertainties about Israel. The President supported Acheson in opposition to E. C. A. aid to Spain. He publicly disavowed any connection between the Administration and Senator McCarran's visit to Franco. Yet the fact is that the President is responsible for the worst defeat the Acheson policy on Spain has thus far suffered. That was his permission for the visit of an American squadron to Spanish ports a few weeks ago, the first since the end of the Spanish civil war. It was a gesture that bitterly angered Acheson.

Everybody from the President down said the visit had no political significance. This claim, of course, was nonsense, and Franco naturally squeezed all the propaganda value out of the occasion that he could. Nor did the navy do anything to play down its significance. Admiral Richard L. Conolly, commander of United States naval forces in the Mediterranean and eastern Atlantic, left his ship at El Ferrol to visit Franco at his summer home in nearby Coruña. He had an hour's talk with the Spanish dictator and later introduced the high officers who were with him. His squadron—two cruisers and two destroyers—idled twelve days in Spanish waters. Crew members were given leave to visit Madrid. Franco and the United States presumably were on the best of terms.

Behind this defeat for a liberal policy were powerful pressures from within the Administration. Perhaps the most important figure involved was Secretary of the Navy Francis P. Matthews. Matthews, a Catholic layman of prominence—he is a Secret Papal Chamberlain with Cape and Sword—not only is friendly

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to the Franco regime but fully shares the military view that Spain can serve as an important beach head in Western Europe in the event of a war with Russia. Previous efforts of the Navy Department to win approval for a visit to Spain had met with failure. This time Matthews, with the strong support of Louis Johnson, Secretary of National Defense, put it across. There have been published reports that Johnson himself was planning to visit Spain, but these have been denied.

Little love is lost between Secretary Matthews and the State Department. As chairman of the United States Chamber of Commerce Committee on Socialism and Communism in 1946-47, Matthews had harsh things to say of State Department policies. His committee report hinted broadly that there were traitors in the department who would bear investigation. It said that "there was at times a curious coincidence between Soviet aims and precipitously announced policies of our government," and that "it would be interesting to discover who effected our repudiation of Mihailovich in favor of Tito, the despot, who ordered the shooting down of American fliers." The report accused forces in the State Department of "pushing the cause of the Chinese Communists against the constituted National Government of China."

Backing Matthews on the Spanish cruise, however, were Admiral Conolly and the National Defense Department as a whole. Their arguments, which were wholly military, have percolated by some strange process into the thinking of the Armed Services committees in the Senate and House—particularly since the Russian atomic explosion was announced.

THE Congressional visit to Spain which the State Department is watching with the greatest trepidation is that planned by the Armed Services Subcommittee of the Senate Appropriations Committee. Chairman Elmer Thomas, Oklahoma Democrat, insists that they are going merely to determine whether Franco should be granted a loan, and that—like the naval visit to El Ferrol—the trip has "no political significance." Actually, he and four of the five members of the committee who will accompany him have clearly indicated that they favor help for Franco. The four are Senators Dennis Chavez (D., N. M.), John L. McClellan (D., Ark.), Styles Bridges (R., N. H.), and Homer Ferguson (R., Mich.). With Thomas they voted to overrule Vice-President Barkley on his decision that the McCarran amendment was out of order. Senator Burnett R. Maybank (D., S. C.), the sixth member, did not vote. In addition, Senator Richard B. Russell (D., Ga.), a member of the Appropriations Committee, is reported planning to go. He also voted against Barkley's ruling. The fact that all but one of these Senators are members of a subcommittee that reflects American military thinking is not likely to be lost on Franco's propagandists.

The State Department's position, on the other hand is that Spain, as a beach head, would be far more of a liability than a help: Spanish roads and railroads could not possibly transport a modern army, and every ounce of bread and meat consumed by American forces would have to come from outside Spain. Moreover, setting up Spain as a beach head would be a blow to the Atlantic Pact. If the United States insists on envisioning the Pyrenees as Western Europe's bulwark against the Russians, France, Italy, and the Scandinavian countries will certainly assume that they are to be abandoned.

Pressure for softening American policy toward Franco is also developing on the economic front. After the Chase National Bank made its $25,000,000 loan to him last February, other American banks, together with exporting interests, began to consider Spain as a field for American investment. Spain has rich mineral resources which are far from adequately exploited. It needs American farm products—many of the Congressmen who are now beginning to demand aid for Franco come from farm states. Senator James O. Eastland, Mississippi Democrat, for instance, has appealed to American trading instincts, declaring that loans would enable Spain to import United States wheat, oil, tobacco, and cotton. He also told the Senate that in case of war Spain could "put two million trained soldiers in the field."

It has been contended that if the United States had a full-fledged ambassador in Spain, perhaps Americans could dig up some Spanish business. The fact is, however, that Paul T. Culbertson, American chargé d'affaires in Madrid, has a full staff of twenty-nine persons, and Culbertson himself to all intents and purposes has the prerogatives of an ambassador.

DURING the past few weeks the Spanish issue seems to have been taken over by the Republicans. Although a fair number of Democrats have suddenly found their hearts bleeding for Franco, the strongest opposition to the Acheson policy comes from the Republicans. The vote against the McCarran amendment was fifty-five to thirty-six, and of the thirty-six Senators who voted to provide the money twenty-five were Republicans. The latest addition to the Franco camp is Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio. Despite his isolationist tendencies Taft has suddenly discovered that Spain has great "strategic" possibilities. Since he is chairman of the Republican Policy Committee, his adoption of the Franco cause has far more meaning than the attitude of a McCarran, an Eastland, or an Elmer Thomas. The line-up of Republicans and Southern Democrats on the Franco side has a striking similarity to their alliance on many other anti-Administration issues.

In recent months some of the top figures in the Arab world have also begun to cozy up to Franco. First King

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Farouk of Egypt proposed the establishment of an Islamic Institute in Spain. Not to be outdone by Farouk, King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan called on Franco in Madrid last month, and his visit was given the same kind of buildup in the Spanish press as that of the American navy. Diplomatic circles in Washington do not believe that the Abdullah visit had much importance except as the Arab world of North Africa was affected by it. They view it rather as the effort of two somewhat isolated medieval monarchs to give each other support.

For the moment there is not much likelihood that Franco will get American credits from the Export-Import Bank. His request for a loan last summer was refused with considerable bluntness. No actual sums were mentioned—Spanish sources said a billion dollars would be about right. The bank wanted specific proposals for specific projects which would directly help American trade. The Spanish representatives had no program and went home with their pockets empty. Should the pro-Franco drive in Congress continue, it is certain that they will be back.

All reports indicate that Spain is in a desperate economic situation. The drought this summer added to the already great misery of the people. Because of the real danger that the regime will collapse, the Vatican has been pushing hard again for a deal between Franco and Prince Juan, with the restoration of the monarchy as its ultimate goal. Should such a deal be worked out, the pressure for full Spanish recognition and aid will become very strong.

African Magic and White Science

BY R. K. COPE

Cape Town, South Africa

THE Zulu heaven-doctor rushes out into the storm to stay the lightning with his shield and powerful medicines. But neither his magic nor all the white man's knowledge may be able to dispel the storm now gathering over Africa. Not a week passes without warning mutterings from one or another of the colonies and dependencies into which the continent is carved.

The situation is most critical in South Africa, where the natives have been in closest contact with Western civilization and where at the same time they are most oppressed. Forming four-fifths of the population of South Africa, they are restricted to less than one-fifth of the land. The real wages of those who work in the gold mines have not risen in fifty years. On the farms the Zulus render service to their white overlords in return for the right to live on and till a small plot of ground from which they can be ejected at any moment, or they receive in addition a paltry 10 shillings ($2) a month. Agricultural day laborers are paid a shilling a day. These conditions have remained unchanged for a long time. The Africans, however, are no longer dumbly submissive. And when the spirit and outlook of one stratum of the population change and the class structure is kept rigid, high-charged electrical tensions are set up.

The social thinking of a tribal society unaffected by civilization is conditioned by magic. Disaster and good fortune, birth, death, and war have magical causes, and certain techniques are worked out which are thought to control those causes. Then comes the European with a scientific technique, and the balance is destroyed. Readjustment is slow. At first there is fanatical resistance, a century of wars in which the gun smashes the spear, science overwhelms magic. In the last large-scale war in South Africa, the Zulu revolt of 1906, the warriors were "doctored" against the white man's bullets. The white men had no difficulty in destroying that myth.

After the futility of armed resistance was finally accepted, the Bantu looked on their subjection as a natural disaster, like a famine or an epidemic cattle disease. It was beyond their control, the work of a dark, superior power. Without responsibility, they were not mentally depressed and could make the best of the situation; hence their famous cheerfulness, their irrepressible humor in trying circumstances. If they were thrashed by their masters, forced to work, taxed, and imprisoned, these were not injustices but misfortunes. The development of a sense of injustice, paralleling their absorption of the humane principles of the West, brought an epochal change in the thinking of the Bantu. For generations the Christian missions taught that all men are equal before God, though this was not thought to imply equality on earth. But after the black man began to say, "I want justice," he followed it in the next breath with "I want equality," the one being impossible without the other. The Boer republics, however, were founded on the principle of "no equality between black and white in church or state," and under Afrikaner leadership the principle has been built into the South African state. Therefore the black man who says "I want equality" in the Union of South Africa comes up against the bedrock

R. K. COPE is a South African poet and journalist. An article by him on the Afrikaners and their Nationalist Party appeared last week.

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of the social order. There can be no compromise. He will never get equality of any kind until he is able to take it with his own hands.

Among themselves, despite the damage wrought by tribal disintegration, the Bantu still retain patriarchal obligations and an admirable moral code. Their relations with their rulers are on a different plane. A black man sees practically no moral stigma in being sent to prison by a white judge or magistrate. He has little respect for the law, though he fears the punishment it can inflict for hundreds of offenses known and unknown to him. He is lucky if he reaches middle age without seeing the inside of a police cell or jail. In some of the larger cities bands of Bantu bravados rate their standing by the number of prison sentences they have served. These bands regard an assault on a policeman as an honorable act.

The Zulus in action have always been likened to a thunderbolt. When they are roused they achieve a cohesion and sudden strength which are astounding. They are hot-blooded and brave fighters. As a conquering nation they have accomplished amazing feats of energy, but as a conquered and oppressed people they have shown a woeful lack of staying-power. One mass upheaval after another has been dispersed with "a whiff of grapeshot." The fact that these movements were local and limited in aim foredoomed them.

Living in South Africa, one senses the flow of this deep river only through the flashes on the surface. These have been multiplied by a recent event which has set strong currents in motion. The election to office of the Nationalist government of Dr. Malan, pledged to a policy of uncompromising racial oppression, has changed the temper of the black majority. The white politicians cannot bawl about the "black menace" without convincing the blacks that they have more strength than they suspected. By their efforts to thrust the Zulu back they convince him that what he loses now he can seize later.

South Africa is being industrialized rapidly, and industry is the only sector of the national economy in which wage scales for black workers are increasing. Hundreds of thousands of Zulus are therefore drifting into the cities. In the shanty-towns outside the city boundaries they come in contact with rebellious characters who speak a new language of resistance, equal rights, and self-rule. The countryside, drained of labor, faces a crisis which is already acute in many districts. White farmers literally buy labor from agents who capture workers by every method from simple deception to kidnapping and armed holdups.

In Natal, home of the Zulus and related clans, the spirit of the people has undergone a dramatic change in a year. The men, proud at any time but cheerful and loyal in the past, have become surly. In some localities the farmers are at their wits' end to enforce authority on work gangs. For months past farmhouses have been broken into and every type of weapon stolen—old rifles dating from the colonial wars, sporting guns, shotguns, and miniatures. The white country folk feel jumpy. It was in this area that the Nationalist Party proposed to hang convicted Africans in public. The leaders rejected the idea, fearing the reaction of civilized world opinion.

Natal was the scene of the riot and blood bath of last January, when a mob of Zulus, mainly from shanty-towns and labor barracks, attacked defenseless Indians. The fact that they chose Indians for their victims showed that the attackers were still thinking of a short-term outburst, but the whites proved by their alarm that they realized they were themselves the real enemy.

In the Cape, the Union's oldest province, Bantu mass protest took a political form. African voters sent a white Communist to Parliament. They are not Communists—few have any knowledge of the creed—but their vote was a warning. Significantly, they threw out by a crushing majority one of their lifelong friends, an advocate of moderate reform.

Three whites sit in Parliament to represent the 8,000,000 Bantu. They have warned the Nationalists of the stirring of vast forces. The government's response has been a declaration of its intention to abolish the seats of the three members. The Nationalists cannot and will not put their machine into reverse. They are confident that if it comes to shooting they will have the guns.

Small-scale revolts of the traditional kind have no chance of success. But the Bantu character itself is changing, and the Afrikaner leaders face the task of ruling a people which has small respect for their laws, which is fired with a sense of injustice, and which cherishes for the first time the confident hope of liberation—a hope that nerves it for more enduring struggle. By sweeping away the last traces of a policy of rule by consent the Nationalists are sowing the storm. From Nigeria and the Gold Coast, from Ethiopia, Uganda, and the Congo, many eyes are watching the clouds gather.

BIG TOY

War has no eyes. It has no mind.
It winds up with a key behind.

It goes the way its clockwork leads,
committing memorable deeds.

And when its spring is all unwound
it whirs and crashes on the ground.

Then gadget-minded children find it.
They tinker it together, wind it

and set it on its gadget feet.
The clockwork stirs. Repeat, repeat.

DILYS BENNETT LAING

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By KEITH HUTCHISON

Point 4 Potentials

TWO-THIRDS of the world's population, Acting Secretary of State James E. Webb reminded the House Foreign Affairs Committee on September 17, live in undeveloped areas where average per capita income is below $100 a year, where food supplies barely meet subsistence needs, and where the life expectancy is only thirty years, or less than half that in the United States.

Mr. Webb was pleading the case of a bill to implement what President Truman in his inaugural address last January called "a bold new program for making the benefits of our scientific advances and our industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of undeveloped areas." The objective is to lend a hand to the many peoples who are striving to lift themselves by their bootstraps out of a morass of poverty. It is one dictated by enlightened selfishness, for by helping the peoples of Latin America, Asia, and Africa to solve their problem of underproduction we may hope to ward off the threat of overproduction which hangs above our heads.

But while the program—often referred to as "Point 4"—is truly bold in its implications, the present proposals are modest. The President is asking for authority to provide technical assistance to countries seeking such aid in carrying out plans for economic development. In the first year a total expenditure of $85,000,000 is indicated, of which one-third would be furnished by the beneficiary countries and one-sixth by contributions from other members of the United Nations. The total cost to this country would be $47,500,000, but part of this sum has already been provided for in established programs, such as the agricultural-research work of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, and only $35,000,000 in new appropriations would be required.

Among the projects which might be aided by this export of American "know-how" are schemes for industrial expansion and power development. However, special attention is to be paid to problems of health and agriculture. This is as it should be, for economic development in backward areas must start with an attack on disease and an effort to enlarge food supplies. Many diseases which can be controlled if not entirely eradicated—malaria, for instance—continue to take a fearful toll in a large number of countries. They not only kill off millions annually but leave other millions too debilitated to make the mental and physical effort that is necessary to economic progress.

It is of little use, however, to reduce death rates unless food supplies can be simultaneously expanded; otherwise, with population pressing on the means of subsistence, the gains won by preventive medicine may be offset by losses due to increased malnutrition. Moreover, the formation of capital in a backward economy must start with raising agricultural production sufficiently to create a surplus over and above the needs of the actual tillers of the soil. Only then is it possible to attract workers from the land for the construction of basic capital goods—roads, railways, docks, power stations, and so forth—and to provide for their support in the long period before such investments begin to yield a return. In short, the industrial revolution in any country must begin with an agricultural revolution, a vital economic truth which has too often been ignored by governments anxious to industrialize in a hurry.

A good illustration is provided by Brazil, a survey of whose past and present economic difficulties and future potentialities has just been published by The Twentieth Century Fund.* It is a land, the authors point out, of great contrasts. A few areas are relatively highly developed, with imposing cities, extensive plantations producing for export, and important manufacturing industries. Yet the country as a whole must be ranked among the backward areas. Per capita national income is estimated at $125 to $165—about one-tenth of the United States figure. A large section of the population is occupied in semi-nomadic agriculture, clearing patches of forest, raising scanty crops with primitive implements, moving on after a few years when tropical rains leach the soil. Disease is rampant: 20 per cent of the babies born die within twelve months; average life expectancy is only thirty-nine years. The illiteracy rate, despite the increased attention to public education in recent years, remains high, with less than half the children having access to schools.

There has been a steady drift of population in Brazil from rural to urban areas, but it has not been accompanied by an increase in agricultural efficiency to compensate for the decline in farm labor. Consequently food production has not kept pace with the needs of a population growing at the rate of one million annually. Malnutrition is widespread, and the gap between the supply of food and the demand encourages inflation.

It is now recognized by the Brazilian government that national economic difficulties are due in part to over-rapid industrialization. The administration of President Dutra hopes to remedy this situation by a five-year plan now under consideration by the Brazilian Congress. Public-health measures and the improvement of agriculture by soil conservation, mechanization, and control of plant diseases have a very prominent place in this plan, although the largest item on the tentative budget is transportation. But this too has an important bearing on the expansion of food supplies, for inadequate communications at present hinder the opening up of fertile districts and the easy movement of goods from surplus to deficiency areas.

Mr. Truman's "bold new program" is designed to assist just such development schemes. It will make available to countries in the position of Brazil the services of American physicians, agronomists, engineers, and other technicians and the benefit of our national experience in tackling similar tasks. The cost will be small; the return in good-will and, eventually, in trade expansion may be very considerable.

* "Brazil: An Expanding Economy." By George Wythe, Royce A. Wright, and Harold M. Midkiff. The Twentieth Century Fund. $3.50.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Essays and Asides

THE PEOPLE VS. FREE SPEECH

BY JACQUES BARZUN

BY "the people," let me say at once, I do not mean the population but their self-appointed representatives who legislate about language, and by free speech I mean the vernacular. Of late years in this country there has been a noticeable increase of interest in usage, correct speech, and points of style. But I should say that its spirit has on the whole been narrow and mean, and that all it has achieved is to replace one tyranny by another. Formerly the schoolmarm enforced a stiff or genteel formalism that had too little connection with good literature and the spoken language. Now the breezy interpreters of what is right impose a mixture of vulgarity and pedantry which is equally bad and perhaps worse. Their outlook is statistical and grimly "enlightened": where the schoolmarm forbade the split infinitive and the prepositional ending, they virtually require both. The people rule, they tell us, and since most of the people say "he don't," it is a kind of snobbery, a prissy gesture of reaction, an incipient fascism, to say "he doesn't."

This doctrine, implicit rather than outspoken, informs many academic publications by professional linguists, and it is carried to the larger public in the shape of surveys, handbooks, and pamphlets that preach the gospel of write-as-you-speak. One such evangelist, Dr. Rudolf Flesch, who started measuring "readability" by counting words and syllables, has ended by asserting in his most recent book that the art of writing is little more than a taking of dictation from oneself—whatever you would say, put down: you are then sure of being fresh, vivid, readable.

This painful delusion was neatly exposed by Mr. Lester Markel in a recent review in the New York *Times*, but this example of pseudo-democracy and its refutation represent only half the situation—the descent into an unexamined vulgarity. The other half—the drive toward pedantry—is illustrated by another recent book, which comes to us from England and from the pen of the prolific Eric Partridge.

Mr. Partridge has one great work to his credit—the "Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English," with its myriad of suggestive vowel-stars (b*st*rd) and its frequently adroit definitions. But he has also two strikes against him—a work teeming with errors of fact and judgment called "Usage and Abusage" and a collection of phrases indiscriminately chosen, which he miscalled a "Dictionary of Clichés." His present work, "English: a Course for Human Beings," can only be called strike three. The title alone is enough to alienate any self-respecting reader, for it presages the tone of mixed flattery, condescension, and pedantic exhibitionism that infects the 350 ill-written pages.

The "human beings" whom Mr. Partridge has chiefly in view are children of school age, and these he tries to cajole into grammatical purity by denouncing bad teachers in the presence of the little ones. This counterpart to "praising the people" may serve as a momentary spur to the pupils' interest. It promises easy learning, and it suggests freedom through the debunking of rules, parents, and certain kinds of correctness. But repetition of the device soon palls, and to any mature student the implied flattery tastes of asafetida. Worse still, the instruction itself is rather more creaky and bewildering than the old-fashioned kind. Mr. Partridge excels in making definitions like this: "A sentence is a thought expressed in words—as, if a thought at all, it must be."

Again, in all instances where simplification is desirable and legitimate, he goes out of his way to parade irrelevant knowledge—listing, for example, among the forms of the verb, the full paradigm of "I shall have been being," which probably no one fully sober ever uttered or wrote down. He likewise gives in full transliteration all the Greek or Latin words from which English grammatical terms have been derived or made up. And he envelops all these needless facts—some of them questionable—in a thick layer of second-rate philosophy and psychology. He teaches, for example, that there is no thought without words, that "thinking is an entirely natural activity"—which should make all books unnecessary—so that "to improve one's thinking (which means to improve one's brain) is an entirely pleasant activity." After which comes another dose of moralizing: "If anyone tells you that you won't need to have any more brains than a vegetable, you will know that he is either a fool or a rogue; probably a rogue, for such a statement almost certainly comes from someone who knows that the unthinking boys and girls and grown-ups are the world's human sheep, easily led and easily fooled."

It is not Mr. Partridge's ignorance or preening pedagoguery that is most deplorable but his unfailing lack of judgment in a subject where everything depends on judgment. Speech, syntax, composition are in fact not so much subjects as disciplines: that is, they require steady practice, conscious exercise, and a habit of observation which Mr. Partridge's book—if taken as a text—would prevent or destroy in the learner.

This disregard of tact in matters of speech brings me to the final agency of the modern dictatorship over our speech. Not only are we urged to be good fellows and talk slovenly; not only are we taught or bullied by the ignorant in an idiotic spirit of revolt against a non-existent academicism, but we who write are also subjected to the anonymous regimentation of the reference book. More and more editors and publishers employ a copy reader who enforces on

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every author a conformity with a set of arbitrary rules, absurdly called the "style" of the particular firm. It differs from house to house, and since it is a mechanical affair it is usually applied by young men and women just out of college, who blindly follow a set of handbooks. Judgment they have none, and they do their best to eliminate that of the author.

Not long ago a practiced novelist found his galley proofs embodying quantities of changes from his text about which no one had consulted him, and which on his protest were explained as necessary for correctness and consistency. For consistency, almost all his *whiches* and *thats* had been scrambled up, regardless of euphony, repetition, or ambiguity. For correctness, his characters were made to say that they were going, not "to Grand Central Station," but to "*the* Grand Central *Terminal*," which is its official designation. Nor was this all. Sentences in direct or periodic form were recast whenever the young censor in charge deemed that too many of one kind occurred on a page, and adjectives purposely used in an evocative sense were replaced by more obvious and "exact" ones. When challenged, the head of the firm declared that they were not mere publishers—traders in books—but editors, that is to say, literary collaborators. Besides, did not this particular writer share their profound respect for and sense of submissiveness to Webster?

The notion that an author has another kind of loyalty to Webster, namely, to the future lexicographers who will look into contemporary works in order to discover the usage of good writers—that notion has almost entirely disappeared. The collective will, recorded in our slangy up-to-date dictionaries and our librarian-inspired manuals, takes precedence over the writer's instinct, deflects his will, and in so doing fails to serve even as a brake on destructive neologisms. Thus it is that for all the fussiness about *which* and *that*, the combined editorial brass of the country have feebly allowed the word "disinterested" to be absolutely lost in its original sense. One finds as careful a writer as Aldous Huxley using it to mean uninterested, so that by now a "disinterested judge" is one who goes to sleep on the bench.

Rightly understood, copy-editing can be useful. It can scrub up a text in minor ways as well as prevent major blunders, for both of which any sensible author is truly grateful. But the leveling of prose to a common measure without judgment, the enforcing of consistency —inimical to art in any medium—the strict interpretation of rules about commas and hyphens—all that is but the pedantry of the sterile mind invoking the popular will to back up its frivolous decisions. Granted that it affects only small black marks on paper, most of which are soon forgotten: the whole force of an inchoate mob feeling acts behind these restrictions, as it does behind the preachments of our sycophantic grammarians and the heckling of our demagogic linguists.

WRITERS IN AMERICA

BY STEPHEN SPENDER

[*Stephen Spender, the British poet and critic, spent eighteen months in the United States in* 1947 *and* 1948. *He taught for one academic year at Sarah Lawrence College in New York; he also managed, in the course of speaking trips, to travel in thirty states and to visit about forty universities and colleges. These observations are based on his extensive and rather unusual "grand tour" of the American literary scene.*]

A CERTAIN frustration accompanies attempts of Britishers to write about Americans and of Americans to write about the British. This is in itself a significant fact of the Anglo-American situation. We are each of us hypersensitive about our nation in relation to this particular other nation. Therefore many things which a Britisher could say about Britain would cause annoyance if they were said by an American, and vice versa. It seems, then, important to say at the outset that I am not hostile to America.

In fact, I love America in the only way in which it seems to me real to love a country. That is to say, I regard America as a country where opposition to bad institutions, commercialization, exploitation, vulgarity, and other obvious evils is, after all, real. It is possible to be an American and yet oppose the bad things which are American, and there is nourishment in the climate and the institutions of America for such opposition. There are few countries in the contemporary world to which one can pay such a compliment.

The greatness of American literature is that it derives from this opposition—the best American writing today is a living body of protest against the vulgarity and commercialization which many people think of as most characteristic of America. In fact, contemporary American literature suggests what the last American election suggested—that there is an America more real and more alive than the America which pollsters, advertisers, Hollywood, and news editors know about.

THE MOST STRIKING difference between Europe and America as far as writing is concerned is probably that the American writer does not belong to a community of literature. In France, to be a young writer is to seek entry into a community. The symbol of this community is the Parisian cafe where students and young writers meet to discuss their literary problems, admire one another's work, and decide that their "movement" is the last revolution of the word. The literary review, like the cafe, is a meeting place, which is also a battleground, of generations.

In England contemporary literature is not such a conscious community as in France. However, to a great extent Oxford and Cambridge provide a literary tradition which widens later into Bloomsbury, the twenties, the thirties, the New Romantics, and in which the lives of writers who have not been educated at those universities merge, albeit sometimes rebelliously. Even a writer like D. H. Lawrence became, by way of meetings with other writers at Lady Ottoline Morel's house at Garsington, an Oxford rebel, belonging far more to this tradition than to the Nottingham coal mines. Periodicals such as *Horizon*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and *New Writings* are meeting places of generations. Apart from the tendency of older and more successful English writers to petrify into public monuments during

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A SICK CHILD

The postman comes when I am still in bed
"Postman, what do you have for me today?"
I say to him. (But really I'm in bed.)
Then he says—what shall I have him say?

"This letter says that you are president
Of—this word here; it's a republic."
Tell them I can't answer right away.
"It's your duty." No, I'd rather just be sick.

Then he tells me there are letters saying everything
That I can think of that I want for them to say.
I say, "Well, thank you very much. Goodby."
He is ashamed, and turns and walks away.

If I can think of it, it isn't what I want.
I want . . . I want a ship from some near star
To land in the yard, and beings to come out
And think to me: "So this is where you are!"

"Come." Except that they won't do,
I thought of them. . . . And yet somewhere there must be
Something that's different from everything.
All that I've never thought of—think of me!

RANDALL JARRELL

their lifetime, a general consciousness of shared values which can be maintained or betrayed informs English literary life.

The young American writer is in an entirely different situation from the young French writer going to the cafe or the young English writer at Oxford or Cambridge or at some intellectual suburb of these centers. There is no cafe in which he will meet Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner. There is no periodical in which his name will be "accepted" among the great reputations of older writers who are known throughout the world.

If he happens to meet older writers, he will be meeting them across, as it were, an enormous gulf of grandiose success, Hollywood success, *Life* magazine success, which raises writers socially out of the sphere of literature and into that of film stars or successful journalists. Or perhaps he meets them across a gulf of bitter failure within which the older writer is isolated, embittered—and fortified.

The pathology of literary success would make an interesting study. The dangers are twofold: first, that success may separate the writer physically and spiritually from his most fertile material of felt experience, which may well be associated with his childhood and early strivings; second, that it may consign him to the enthusiasm of an audience which appreciates qualities having little connection with literature. In America there is the third danger that the writer's economic position may rest almost entirely on by-products of his purely literary activity—on films, on articles in high-paying magazines, even on exploitation of his name by advertisers (recently an advertisement displayed a high-minded sentiment about world peace in the handwriting of Ernest Hemingway, using a Parker pen). Above all, there is the danger that the publicized personality of the writer, with his four wives, his big-game hunting, his knocking-down-of-other-writers-at-parties, tends to eclipse his ever more modest activities in his study. Nor does the working of this machinery by which the loaded ore of writing is transformed into glossy, expensive-seeming by-products of reputation—just as the by-products of coal tar are turned into miscellaneous articles such as aspirin tablets, artificial silk, and film for cameras—delay until the writer has attained middle age. One has only to follow the whizzing comets of Truman Capote and Gore Vidal to see how quickly and effectively this transforming, disintegrating, disintegrating machinery can work.

In America the only way to escape the consequences of great success is to escape literally and physically. This is doubtless why William Faulkner is inaccessible in his Southern home, why John Steinbeck is elusive, why Hemingway now lives in Cuba. Paradoxically, the publicizing of contemporary American literature contributes to the disruption of any community of letters in America. The successful writer, dazed by the irrelevances of a success which has little to do with recognition of his best qualities and which robs him of his deepest experiences, escapes somewhere, if he is sensible, hugging his precious talent. Instead of being now the boy from the Middle West with the hard-luck story, he becomes the poor rich boy clinging to his aesthetic conscience. Alcoholism, the occupational disease of the successful American writer, can surely be explained at least in part as an effort to restore contact with the dionysiac, the violent, the real, the unconscious level of experience by those who have been cut off by success from their roots.

BUT FAILURE is perhaps even more disastrous than success in America. In Europe, after all, success and failure are comparative terms, particularly failure. One has the feeling that the European failure is often a kind of secret success, at any rate among a small group. It is possible to envy Keats the position he enjoyed in Leigh Hunt's circle, or Gide his reputation when his publishers had sold only a few copies of "Paludes," or Rilke when he commanded the attention of only a few princesses. But in America there are seldom these public failures who are private, highly superior successes. There is a lack, within a civilization which is changing and expanding so rapidly, of a sense that if one misses one's time, one will be discovered by another time. Failure, therefore, like success, has something definite and final about it. It creates a gulf which separates the unsuccessful writer from America. The young writer is confronted with a dramatic choice between success, with the kind of gigantic systematic exploitation of misunderstanding which it involves—success of one's inferior qualities through the medium of one's best ones—or failure,

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it seemed to me that it must direct the reader toward the true meaning of "Don Quixote." And surely that is the highest praise a translation can be given.

RALPH BATES

Study in Temperament

BENJAMIN CONSTANT. By Harold Nicolson. Doubleday and Company. $4.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT died at a most fortunate hour, a respected leader of the liberals in the first flush of liberal triumph (1830). His funeral was a national manifestation. The life that ended so impressively is a baffling and at times a sordid tale. The doctrinaire who had taught France the virtues of parliamentary government was an inveterate gambler of the coarsest kind, hobbling to the dens of the Palais-Royal. He had courageously denounced Napoleon, then served him. Most of his many love affairs were distressing. His political writings are but faintly remembered, although his prophetic pamphlet "On the Spirit of Conquest and Usurpation" (1813) was translated and edited by Mrs. Lippmann in 1941. His comparative study of religion, on which he was engaged for decades, was still-born. All that remains is a gem—a brief, disenchanted, cruel story of dying love, "Adolphe."

He served many masters, and one formidable mistress, Madame de Staël. Nicolson is fair to this incredible virago, with heavy features and a sadistic taste in dress, who could love like a maenad, manage her friends with beneficent tyranny, blaze a trail in political, social, and literary history, defy Napoleon, and become, at the time of his downfall, "one of the Big Three, with England and Russia." "[Constant] found in this heroic woman a superb affirmation. . . . She knew that under all the mistakes and cruelties of the Revolution there lay some tremendous truth. . . . She also believed with passionate intensity in the sanctity of the individual, in the evil of all despotic government, even of all social prejudices and conventions." We are not without our Staëls today; but they have forgotten the less obvious half of their forerunner's message.

Nicolson's book, however, is a study in temperament, not in political thought. Constant, intellectually mature at thirteen, remained an irresponsible adolescent all his life. He had a gift for self-analysis and none for self-criticism. Hard is the fate of the self-centered man who does not love himself! He had touches of kindness: before Keats and Vigny he professed his respect for the majesty of human sufferings. But he was not truly kind; he was a weak man with a sense of pity, and at bottom an egoist—exactly a Montherlant hero. Madame de Staël made him, in every sense, kept him, ditto, insulted him, and snarled at anyone who tried to wrench him from her, even his wife. His revenge was to tell the psychological truth—the material facts are radically transposed—in "Adolphe." "Delphine," "Corinne," Madame de Staël's hymns to her own genius, are ashes. "Adolphe" is alive.

One of Constant's penalties was to fall in love, at forty, with the most tantalizing of all coquettes, the pure, the angelical Madame Récamier. Nicolson has little patience with her; he accuses her of being linnet-headed and having a faint mustache. There must have been more to her than her sweet virginal dumbness. Being loved by so many great men—including the leading prima donna of the age, Châteaubriand—must have required infinite tact. If Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier could have kept their respective looks and exchanged their brains, we could have had a good healthy vulgar woman and the rarest flower of mankind.

The book gets slowly under way: the first hundred pages read like a conscientious epitome of Rudler rather than an original composition. But when Nicolson gets into his stride, his work is admirable. He has long been a student of private frailties and public follies: he could understand Constant, and rise above the facile level of irony and pity.

ALBERT GUERARD

Mr. Perelman's Essays

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD. By S. J. Perelman. Simon and Schuster. $2.95.

THE schizophrenic or surrealist school of American humor seems to have been invented by Donald Ogden Stewart in the twenties, widely popularized by Robert Benchley, and brought to full development by S. J. Perelman. Serious students of our culture will probably point out that it is a phenomenon of social disintegration, that at least two of its most accomplished exponents had or have left-wing sympathies, and that the "I" of Mr. Perelman's essays seems to be a maniac visited by occasional moments of semi-lucidity in the course of which he realizes what it was that drove him mad.

For those who prefer a purely liter-

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ary analysis it should be said that he is a master of the relevant irrelevance; of the brilliant cliché ("to capture on film a small but significant segment of the life around me"); and of the transparent misconception (" 'A really crackpot notion,' she admitted, confusing the word with 'crackerjack' with typical feminine disregard for the niceties of slang"). Also, that he is no less a master of a splendid rococo prose: "I inevitably hark back to a period, in the spring of 1926, that in many ways was the most romantic of my life. I was, in that turbulent and frisky epoch, an artist of sorts, specializing in neo-primitive woodcuts of a heavily waggish nature that appeared with chilling infrequency in a moribund comic magazine. It was a hard dollar, but it allowed me to stay in bed until noon."

The present volume of pieces collected from the *New Yorker* hardly breaks new ground or reveals unexpected facets of his genius, but all the characteristic virtues are there. Included among other things are several dramatic fantasies for which the *donnée* was some advertisement like that of Macy's Bureau of Standards, which gave as its reason for rejecting a certain bathing salts for weight reduction the discovery that it would dye the user blue if he happened to get a few drops of iodine mixed in. There is also a series describing the adventures of the author's soul in revisiting such literary masterpieces of his youth as "The Sheik," "Black Oxen," and "Flaming Youth." But the best, to my taste, is the meeting of the executives of a Los Angeles pharmacy which proceeds from preliminary chitchat about the best place to have your blood pressure tested and the new restaurant daringly shaped like a restaurant to such professional questions as what kind of lighting would make the clerks look even more waxy and what ought to be done about the costumes of the soda jerkers whose blue tunics and shakos strike the customers as drab. On the subject of Hollywood Mr. Perelman's observations seem to me rather more effective than the solemnities of Huxley and Waugh. To those who don't like him I can recommend at least the admirable tolerance of his remark apropos of "Graustark": "Chacun a son goo."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Introduction to Lorca

LORCA: THE POET AND HIS PEOPLE. By Arturo Barea. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

SENOR BAREA'S intention is modest: "to bring Lorca's poetry nearer to readers, particularly non-Spanish readers, by showing how it reflects and transforms the world of the Spanish people to which it belongs." He is not trying to write a definitive study, or an analysis of Lorca's aesthetics, or a biography. In scope and length this book is hardly more than a good-sized essay; in its unaffectedness, simplicity, clarity, and richness it possesses great virtues; easily, and economically, the four chapters supply most valuable illumination of the poet's attitude toward his people, toward death and sex, and toward his art. Ilsa Barea, the author's wife, has made the translation, not only of her husband's prose, but of many selections from Lorca's poems and plays. The translations are well done, not overambitious or strained; and the original Spanish is included in an appendix.

There appears to be a slip of the pen, or the copy-reader's visor, on page 102: "Lorca discovers the Negro of Harlem and believes he has found a static being in a dynamic world." Surely, the last two adjectives should be transposed.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Our Federal System

A GRAMMAR OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By W. E. Binkley and Malcolm C. Moos. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

A GRAMMAR OF AMERICAN POLITICS" is a long and weighty compendium of facts and figures on manifold aspects of our federal system. It begins with a brief historical survey describing the making and growth of the Constitution and the development of federal-state and interstate relations. Succeeding sections deal with the rights and privileges of citizenship; the institutions of popular control, including pressure groups as well as political parties and describing the procedures of nomination and election; the Presidency; the federal administration; the Congress; the federal judiciary; and the major federal functions—foreign policy, defense, national finance, regulation of business, agriculture, and conservation.

This work is evidently designed more for reference than for sustained reading. Within its limits it does an excellent job of stating in brief compass the essential facts about the workings of our national political system. The authors share the basic premise of most American liberals—a belief in a vigorously pluralistic society under strong national leadership. As they write, quoting Pendleton Herring, "It is indeed principally through the growing influence of the executive in the United States that there is 'any hope of checking the minority forces that turn Congress to their will and make a mockery of representative democracy.' " Their canon of analysis is that of the "realists" among the political scientists—that is, they are interested in the way our political institutions actually work rather than in blueprints or organizational charts.

They do not, however, press analysis very far, remaining content on the whole with a taxonomic account of our politics. Nor do they venture much criticism of the existing system. While they provide useful summaries of proposals for reform, they seem on the whole to feel, as realists, that the present system has worked well enough to survive, and that a functioning constitutional order ought not to be construed in terms of too

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strict a logic. The emphasis on description in "A Grammar of American Politics" will doubtless limit the popular appeal of the book, but it may make it all the more useful for those who wish a convenient handbook on the structure of American political life.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Means—Not Ends

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE FOUNDATIONS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

IN EUROPE, where people have long been accustomed to the shifting needs of alliance and diplomacy, foreign affairs have been freely acknowledged as an instrument of national policy, but in this country certain simple maxims of foreign policy have taken on in the popular mind the character of major objectives of national life. The familiar warnings of Washington's Farewell Address, the tenets of the Monroe Doctrine—and now perhaps the Good Neighbor policy—have been elevated into ends. Whether because of our remoteness from the backstairs of European diplomacy or a more general tendency to merge means and ends, this confusion has for a century and a half been a prominent feature of our political debates.

Professor Bemis, by exposing the "foundations" of American foreign policy in the context of their age, reveals that many of these traditional attitudes and pronouncements were by no means absolutes, but rather political instruments. He gives a full and lively account of American foreign policy between the eras of the French Revolution and of the Monroe Doctrine—all by way of a biography of its principal architect, John Quincy Adams (1767-1848). He carries the story down to Adams's Presidency, and promises another volume on Adams's later anti-slavery crusade. While the subject is in some places technical and a few of the chapters will not attract the general reader, the work as a whole is an admirable piece of exposition, telling an intricate story in satisfying detail, without losing sight of the large issues. Adams's exciting personal career in foreign capitals as Minister to the Netherlands, to Russia, and to Great Britain in the Napoleonic era, as Senator from Massachusetts in the days of the Essex Junto, and as Secretary of State under Monroe in the age of South American revolutions, is recounted with a human warmth uncommon among diplomatic historians. Those who appeal to the "traditions" and "principles" of American foreign policy have much to learn from these pages.

The large interest of the volume comes from seeing how the traditional tenets of American foreign policy emerged from the special requirements for American survival and expansion in that age. Perhaps the most famous and influential of these, Washington's warning against entangling alliances—to the phrasing of which the young John Quincy Adams may unwittingly have contributed—was actually uttered not as a moral principle but to insure our national existence before risking the fortunes of war and the intrigues of Europe. Napoleonic Europe was a morbid atmosphere where young nations—and especially young republics—were short-lived. Adams was not alone in considering peace a greater friend than either France or England. He feared that under the pressures of external power otherwise normal domestic dissensions might become fatal, that a foreign war might end "either in a civil war or in a dissolution of the Union, with the Atlantic states in subserviency to Great Britain."

Professor Bemis is not exaggerating when he calls John Quincy Adams, in this early phase of his career, "the greatest isolationist of them all." Adams had a major hand in framing the tenets of the Monroe Doctrine; the warning against further European colonization in North or South America was probably of his sole devising. His was the decisive voice in making the Monroe Doctrine a unilateral declaration and in refusing Canning's suggestion of a joint statement with Great Britain. He was an unremitting exponent of American abstention from European affairs, and worked persistently to keep European powers from intervening in America.

All these purposes were reinforced in the mind of John Quincy Adams—and he earned Professor Bemis's title as "the greatest continentalist in American history"—by his unshakable conviction of the continental destiny of the United States. At least through the era of his Presidency (1825-29) Adams firmly believed in "our natural dominion of North America." Writing to his mother, Abigail Adams, from St. Petersburg in 1811, he described ours as "a nation coextensive with the North American continent, destined by God and nature to be the most populous and most powerful people ever combined under one social compact." Such a union, moreover, was essential to avoid becoming "a parcel of petty tribes at perpetual war with one another, swayed

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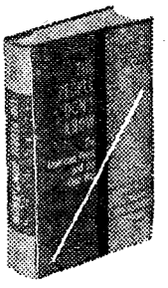

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by rival European powers." A thesis of Professor Bemis's book is that again and again at crucial points in our diplomatic history it was the vision of this Adams that kept open the avenue for continental expansion. While Senator from Massachusetts he was the only Federalist member of Congress from New England to support the acquisition of Louisiana; he opposed concessions which would have given Great Britain a huge section of the Northwest. As Secretary of State under Monroe, he pressed the acquisition of Florida and secured Spain's concession of the transcontinental extent of the United States. In negotiations with Great Britain and Russia he exacted a northwestern boundary which would leave the whole Columbia River Basin open to future settlement and acquisition by the United States.

Much of the coherence and conviction of Adams's foreign policy grew out of his possession of an obvious, or "natural," objective for American domestic policy. Insulation of the American Republic from European, and even South American, affairs seemed only prudent to avoid those foreign wars and internal crises which might have disrupted North America before it could be permanently cemented. In this sense the goal of Adams's policy was naive: it rested on no large abstraction or moral principle.

Small wonder that maxims engendered by these circumstances should have acquired something of the character of ends in themselves, and that the requirements for survival should have become confused with the ends of survival. Such a principle as that of the balance of power, which has guided British diplomacy for decades, could hardly be mistaken for an end of national policy; it is too obviously an instrument of national survival and power. But the isolationist principle, though in its origin no less an instrument, has in the course of American history—partly through the rhetoric of its exponents, partly through a national reticence to confess power as an objective, partly through a democratic eagerness for large and simple generalizations—become identified in the national consciousness with independence, individualism, freedom, and the other absolutes of our political life. Out of this traditional confusion, which a careful reading of Professor Bemis's book should do a great deal to dissipate, arises much of the difficulty of delineating the proper relation between the past and the future of American foreign policy.

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

Argument for a Labor Party

TRADE UNIONS IN THE NEW SOCIETY. By Harold J. Laski. Viking Press. $3.

THE American trade-union movement has reached a rather critical stage in its history. In the past twenty years it has made great strides, growing in numbers, influence, and status. But it experienced a setback when the Taft-Hartley act was passed, and despite last year's election gains, to which it contributed, the lost ground has not been reconquered. The movement as a whole continues to suffer from disunity and is in danger of new fissions. Some individual unions are handicapped by strains arising out of the Communist issue; others have succumbed to "bossism," which destroys internal democracy and promotes cynicism and indifference among the members.

This is the right moment, therefore, for an effort to reassess the place of trade unionism in American society, and Professor Laski, with his intimate knowledge of the labor movement in both America and Britain, is well qualified to undertake the task. His book is based on the Sidney Hillman lectures which he delivered in this country last spring, and it retains both the faults and virtues of the spoken word—a sense of the rapport which a skilled speaker establishes with his audience but also a certain discursiveness.

Laski approaches the problems of trade unionism from the viewpoint of a democratic Marxist. He does not believe that there is a "natural harmony" between capital and labor or that "class warfare" is a concept without relevance for the United States. On the contrary, he sees the interests of employers and employed as sharply opposed and maintains that so long as the major means of production are in private hands, the power of the state will be used to favor the employers. Indeed, in the event of a major industrial dispute, a coal or a railroad strike, a government is likely to be forced to use its police power to coerce the workers.

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In seeking to secure influence in the state and to protect its rights, American labor relies on its strength as one pressure group among many. The result, writes Laski, is that although "trade unions in the United States obviously exercise great influence, they do not exercise responsible political power, and they do not train their members to know how to use it. They have only, so to say, a tangential relation to the political life of the United States, and I think this is both a great loss and a great danger."

The remedy, Laski insists, is an American Labor Party built, like the British Labor Party, upon the mass support of the organized workers. Such a party would be the greatest possible safeguard against totalitarianisms. It would change workers from spectators at the political drama to active participants and enable them to influence far more directly than at present the economic and foreign-policy decisions that so affect their lives. It would make it possible for labor representatives to take a hand in framing legislation defining the legal position of trade unions. The Trade Disputes Act of 1906, the Magna Charta of British trade unionism, followed immediately the advent of the Labor Party in the House of Commons.

Laski's analysis and arguments deserve the thoughtful attention of American trade unionists, but I doubt that he will convert many—yet. For one thing, some of them are disturbed about the position of the trade unions in Socialist Britain. Are they losing their independence? Are they becoming mere organs of the state? These are questions that might have claimed more space in this book.

In any case, the difficulties of creating an American Labor Party are enormous, as Laski indeed recognizes, and the job is unlikely to be tackled until the present combination of pressure tactics and infiltration of the Democratic Party proves incapable of achieving the desired results. The election of 1950 may be the decisive test.

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

COLUMBIA has issued Haydn's Quartet Opus 64 No. 5 ("Lark") played by the Budapest Quartet. Though not one of the works in which the Haydn method is raised to breathtaking incandescence, it is nevertheless a charming piece; and its grace and high spirits are admirably realized in the performance, which is, however, reproduced with unpleasant sharpness by the 78 r.p.m. records (MM-853, 3 12"). Side 3 of my copy is afflicted with off-center wavering in pitch.

In Chopin's Sonata for cello and piano there is nothing like the succession of magnificent ideas in the better-known piano sonatas, but rather a long progression of the Chopin style out of a few ideas of no great impressiveness. The Columbia recording (MM-854, 3 12") gives us a performance by Piatigorsky and Berkowitz in which Piatigorsky's playing is unusually continent in volume of tone and inflection of phrase; and that tone is dark and rich in its lower and middle range, but the high notes—either as Piatigorsky produces them or as the 78 r.p.m. records reproduce them—are brashly nasal. Berkowitz's excellent playing is sometimes covered by the cello; it is well reproduced except for the glassy sound of the treble, which I have heard in other recent Columbia recordings of the piano.

Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Weber, which has been recorded by Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra (MM-855, 3 12"), is in the changed style—less harmonically sour, more sensuously attractive—of some of his recent music. The third-movement *Andantino* is quite lovely, and the other movements are engaging. The performance is good and is well reproduced by the 78 r.p.m. records.

On a single record (72846-D) is a piece by Mozart which is new to me: his Masonic Funeral Music K.477. It is a series of what I would call impressive gestures of solemnity, grief, and resignation, with occasional dramatic events provided by startling modula-

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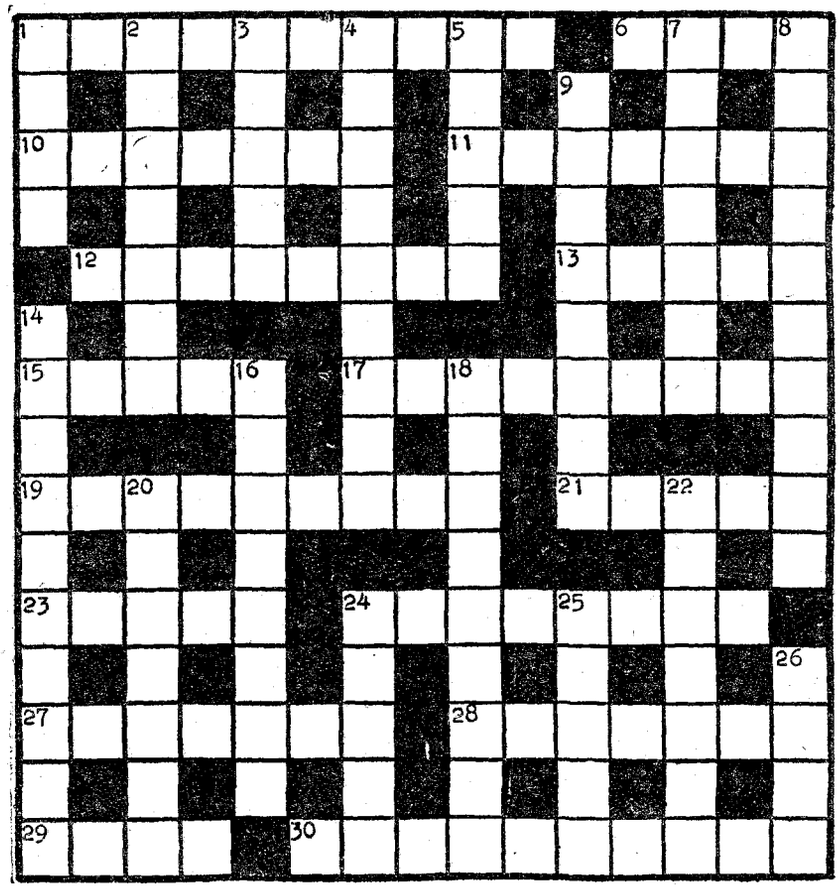

ACROSS

1 Ensign material. (10)
6 A very low-grade film! (4)
10 Peter is found in a relief capacity. (7)
11 Wind-blown. (7)
12 He hunts the man-eater, and the man-eater does this. (8)
13 Okra always contains it. (5)
15 Faulty notes at the beginning. (5)
17 Certainly not a column of *Life*. (9)
19 Worn by Sir Peread or the masquerading Richard Coeur de Lion? (9)
21 We say he's close, while the British say he's near. (5)
23 Steer from the chute here, for a wild ride. (5)
24 Antonio, for example, might be blind. (8)
27 Browning said Wordsworth left us for this much silver. (7)
28 Flora isn't likely to be found in this class. (7)
29 Clap this? Nonsense! (4)
30 Implies the tip-off man isn't quick. (4, 6)

DOWN

1 Sea-horse? (4)
2 Talk of something round an inferior battleship? (7)
3 Get a lift out of what sounds like a "Joinal Square"! (5)
4 It might be Maine upon altering it. (9)
5 It seems to make a profit once more. (5)
7 Quite smart, since it's on the lake. (7)
8 Pit-strata? (10)
9 The one which catches the fish? (8)
14 Spooner might like his hamburg hot on top. (7, 3)
16 Flighty caricatures? (8) (hyphenated)
18 How "as follows" and "to wit" might be spotted? (9)
20 How to make Bromine into Brenda? (7)
22 Water and wine. (7)
24 Slave dance. (5)
25 Overt, but covert. (5)
26 His mind was his kingdom. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 331

ACROSS:—1 CONCENTRATION; 10 OUTRE; 11 RACONTEUR; 12 BLACKLEGS; 13 CORKS; 14 BAKING POWDER; 19 KINDERGARTEN; 22 TUSKS; 24 BOATHOUSE; 25 HOUSEBOAT; 26 ALBUM; 27 CHURCHWARDENS.

DOWN:—2 OUTLAW; 3 CHECKMATE; 4 NURSELING; 5 RECKS; 6 TONIC; 7 OVERRIDE; 8 TOMBS; 9 ERASURE; 15 GARGANTUA; 16 OVERHEARD; 17 SKETCHY; 18 INASMUCH; 20 TURBAN; 21 TERMS; 23 SPEAR; 24 BOOTH.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

tions. The performance by the Vienna Philharmonic under Von Karajan is good; the recorded sound from the 78 r.p.m. record is shrill.

And I should mention that Columbia's 78 r.p.m. shellac records no longer have the quiet surfaces they used to have.

English Decca FFRR records are now being distributed here by the London Gramophone Company under its own label; and among the 78 r. p. m. releases I have received is a piece by Bizet which I have heard for the first time: his engaging "Patrie" Overture, played by the National Symphony under the authoritative direction of Desormière, and reproduced with characteristic richness, spaciousness, and distinctness in quiet (LA-102, 2 12″). Also unfamiliar to me, on a single record (T-5157), is the fine aria *Revenge, Timotheous Cries*—with an especially impressive slow middle section—from Handel's "Alexander's Feast," well sung by Trevor Anthony, bass, with the London Symphony under Sargent, and well reproduced.

More familiar matters include the *Wahn* Monologue from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," sung by Paul Schöffler, bass, with the National Symphony under Rankl (T-5159). It is a much slower-paced performance than Janssen's on Columbia records, with more sustained singing by a fresher voice, and reproduced with greater spaciousness and distinctness, though sometimes with the voice covering the orchestra. Also, on another single record (T-5160), "Der Lindenbaum," one of the poorer songs of Schubert's "Die Winterreise," and "Die Post," one of the best, sung by Schlusnus. There never was anything more than a fine voice in his performances; and that is still fine; but in "Die Post" he slows down for the section beginning with *Die Post bringt keinen Brief für dich,* and thus spoils the point of the song which depends on the piano continuing its gallop without regard for the singer's emotions. And finally Brahms's Hungarian Dances Nos. 1 and 3, well played by Krauss and the London Symphony, and well reproduced (R-10111).

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"Loving" by Henry Green

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, of The Nation, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1949.

STATE OF NEW YORK } SS.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of The Nation, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Editor, Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, Hugo Van Arx, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 38,955.

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Signature of Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1949.
[SEAL]

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PUBLISHER'S INVITATION to the Readers of The Nation

to join in one of the most adventurous publishing enterprises of many a year—the publication of the extraordinary story of Milton Hindus's 24-days' visit with Céline, famous author of *Journey to the End of the Night*, and once the arch-Anti-Semite of the European continent.

The Crippled Giant

A STRANGE STRUGGLE IN THE REALM OF LETTERS

from a few of the ADVANCE COMMENTS:

HENRY MILLER: *This is a dreadful, horrible, painful thing to read. It must have taken courage to do it.*

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CAREY MCWILLIAMS: *It got my full attention on page one and held it straight to the end . . . the value of this memoir consists in more than its revealing analysis of Céline; it is the Hindus on Céline combination. . . .*

SIDNEY HOOK: *Fascinating.*

MAURICE ZOLOTOW: *The picture you draw of Céline is horrifyingly real—one can almost smell him. . . .*

BENNETT CERF: *A superb job.*

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ALFRED KAZIN: *The problem you treat with such crushing candor (as regards your attitude towards Céline) stirred me up so much. . . .*

Prior to World War II few European critics would have been able to name a writer equal in power to Céline. Then, at the height of his career he became the author of books advocating theories similar to those of Hitler and Goebbels. . . .

Céline, the antisemite, became an object of loathing to all men of good will; Céline, the artist, found himself with few defenders. One of these was Milton Hindus.

At the war's end, Céline fled to Denmark from the wrath of the new French government which indicted him as a collaborator. Andre Gide, who had previously interpreted Céline's verbal violence against the Jews as satire on antisemitism, withdrew silently from his defense. But Hindus continued to write about his work with enthusiasm, to try to secure his release from prison, and to correspond with him.

During this correspondence Hindus suddenly got the impression that a change was taking place in Céline, that might be symptomatic of a similar change running through the whole world. He therefore went to Denmark. After 24 days with the celebrated fugitive he returned with a story of such far-reaching import, that he was not sure he had a right to publish it. To make certain he sent copies of the manuscript to certain leading American writers, to us as possible publishers and to Céline himself.

To the left are a few of the reactions of the writers. An hour after the manuscript reached us we accepted it for immediate publication. Then, three days later, the following came to us by messenger:

WE MUST RECONSIDER PLANS FOR CELINE BOOK. HAVE JUST RECEIVED UPSETTING LETTER FROM CELINE SAYING BOOK WILL GIVE HIM DEATHBLOW. WE MUST SEE CELINE COMES TO NO HARM THROUGH MY FAULT. MILTON HINDUS.

To this we replied: "Obviously, despite the ocean of rage which separates you from him racially, you love Céline. After his own work, this love is today his most shining attribute. Time after time, in his letters to you, he celebrates the independence of art, particularly the art of writing, from the truculent waywardness of living. But he fails to realize that your championing of his work is the only defense-line behind which his own art can survive in a world of resentments of which he was one of the architects.

"At the most crucial point of his life as an artist, Céline reverts to the behavior of the least heroic of his cowardly soldiers, and you, who can save him, go chicken-hearted. You should be ashamed, both of you.

"You are at liberty to terminate your contract with us, of course. But, better than that, write Céline by air mail: 'The world is only an oyster clinging to a warm reef of shore, but he is a pearl at the heart of it. Perhaps all pearls are ultimately tossed to swine, but have you ever heard of a swine digesting one?'

"Tell, me, must Céline always be a good doctor with nothing good to say about medicine, a brave soldier execrating all fighting virtues, an artist who pleads for good coffee and freedom? So he was imprisoned for 18 months. What about those—some of them innocent—who were shot on sight?

"Let us have no more of this nonsense, then, and on with the work!"

After a ten-days' huddle with his conscience, Hindus wired us his decision, and it was *Yes*.

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